

Theology vol 62.
THE
MODERN CHRISTIAN;
OR,

PRACTICAL SINNER:

Exemplified,

In the Monstrous VILLANIES of the Age,
and the great COOLNESS and INDIFFE-
RENCE of Mankind towards their CRE-
ATOR, and the vast Concern of *Salvation*.

The Farce of a Sick-Bed, and
the Humours of the last Hours,
in most Examples of Life.
Punch and Port, the great Reliefs,
in troubled Consciences.

H—ll thought nō hotter than
a Town-Bagnio; and the D—l
a fine well-bred Gentleman.

Fasting, forgot in *South Britain*
and *Ireland*.

Our *Roast-Beef*, a weightier In-
centive than our *Religion*, for
Foreigners to visit us.

Hypocrisy, a certain Sign of In-
solvency.

A Story of a 6 per cent. Lady,
who pray'd her Friends and
Acquaintances out of 30,000 l.
principal Money.

Marriage, a *Separation* for ever:
The false Education of young
Ladies the Cause of it.

Christian Behaviour, much out of
fashion:

Quadrille and *Ombre*, obtain'd
their *Freedom* of the City of
London.

All Men running mad and bewitch-
ed, and pursuing their own De-
struction.

Brevis est hic Fructus hominis ;

Post mortem nulla Voluptas.

L O N D O N ;

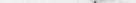
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THE
MODERN CHRISTIAN:
OR,
Practical Sinner, &c.

OOD God! what a wretched deplorable Rabble are we all together, plac'd under thy eternal View and Inspection. Whether we consider the *great* or *small Vulgar*, the *Beau Monde*, or the *upper* and *lower Walks* of *Life*: What Farce, Illusion and Drollery do we not behold in every Scene of either? We are no more than a universal Company of *Mounte-Banks*, *Tumblers*, and *Posture-Masters* continually jockeying and wrestling with one another.

Else, why do we so incumber our Heads with Care, so rack our Hearts with Passion, so waste our Spirits with incessant Toil? Why do we so highly value, so ardently desire, so eagerly pursue, so impatiently want, so passionately contend for, and emulate one another?

B

Worldly

Worldly Happiness is precarious, and stands not only upon a Precipice, but upon Ice too, altho' 'tis a difficult point to prevail with great Men to depart from their Grandeur, or to persuade them their Station is slippery, or that the *Babels* they have raised will sink into Dust, and bury them under the Ruins. All this World can give, will be certainly taken away. Why then do we cut Throats, plunder the Widow, and Orphan, and one another, to glut our Ambition and build Palaces on their Ruins? Why do we so imbowel the Earth to feast our Avarice, and to purchase Cares and Discontent above it? For who has most to lose has always most to fear. The highest Station puts no Bounds to an ambitious Spirit, nor the vastest Treasures to a covetous one.

The World is a Medley of Religions, without Virtue or Christianity; the last is tick'd up in so many Dresses, that we see Conscience pliant, and Interest forcing it into all shapes: In short, all kinds of Wickedness are brought to Method, Principle and Demonstration; good Men are slighted and ill rewarded, Virtue appears in Sackcloth and Vice in Scarlet and Embroidery; Knaves go off with success, and honest Men with disappointment; and the best Actions are exploded, while the very worst are deify'd.

Incest, Adultery, and Fornication were never known to make so considerable a Figure, especially in *High-Life*, as 'tis called, and the Elopements of Wives so numerous. The Evil lies deep, and reaches to all parts. Few are clear of the Infection. A Bridegroom is scarce secure of his Bride's Virtue, from the Altar to his Bed-Chamber; Lewdness is no more a Di-
version;

version ; no, it is become the grand Business of Mankind. Attempts upon Chastity come off generally with Success ; for Women now-a-days are ill furnished for Resistance, and Blushing seems to be quite out of fashion with the Sex.

Interest, Ambition, and Criminal Pleasures are the great Incentives to Vice, they rouse the Appetite, enliven the Passions, and then subdue Will. Now where do these Temptations take up their Lodgings, but in this great Town ? Here they are set off with all the Charms of Dignity and Grandeur ; and then besides they persecute Youth, not with Frowns, but Smiles, and kill with Kindness.

The *modest Draughts* and *Phrases* on the Doors of every Church, and place of *religious Worship*, sufficiently evince the *Virtue* and *Manners* of the Age we live in, and shews how happily the Hands and Heads of our Youth are employ'd. Children that can scarce stand alone, are ready to rend the very Heavens with their shocking Exclamations in the publick Streets ; wickedly prophane the Name of ALMIGHTY GOD in every Speech and Action, and this with impunity ; their Parents and Guides perhaps thinking it commendable, for such *little Poppets*, to *Remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth*.

Obscene Books, Prints, and Paintings are exhibited to view at the Corner of almost every Street and Passage. These are the Poison of Youth, and murder the Mind, as sure as Arsenick kills Bodies ; their Matter and Design are pointed against the Defence of Virtue, and are the worse for being excellent in their kinds ; they kindle those Flames that cannot be extinguished ; they give the Passion they represent,

and so by an unhappy Inversion, the very Copy produces an Original. When these Works come into the Hands of a young Wench, what a fine Landskip will they draw in her Head? How powerfully will they operate in her tender Heart? What a tumult will they raise in Miss's Breast; they set the Sex into a fit of Longing: for tho' Women were made of *Bone*, they retain all the pliability of *Flesh*.

In the common *News-Papers*, we frequently see an *Advertisement* of a *Preparative* for a worthy receiving of the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, immediately followed by another about *Rum and Brandy*, *Punch* prepared after a new *Method*, or else the laudable *Accommodations* of a *Bagnio* set forth, &c.

Some that have occasion for Books of Devotion seem ashamed to go into the Shops to buy them, but loiter about the Doors as tho' they were going to pledge or steal something. The Booksellers affirm, that nothing is more common, than for People's coming with a full Resolution to purchase the *Christian Sacrifice*, or *Companion to the Altar*, or some such religious Book; but on seeing Company in their Shops, they have instantly changed their Notes, and ask'd for a *Comedy*.

We have for near an Age abstain'd from publick *Fasts* and *Days* of *Humiliation* to avert the Wrath, or implore the Blessing of God on our Affairs. And indeed, the thundering *Buttacks*, and *Sirloins* borne on *Wednesdays* and *Fridays* even in the Lent Season, to the Houses of our *Nobility*, *Clergy* and *Gentry*, demonstrate what Inclinations the good People of *Britain* bear to Fasting.

Truly

Truly our *Stage-Coach Masters*, and *Owners* of *Coasting-Vessels* are become such fashionable Gentlemen as to act independent of Grace and Mercy. The time has been, when a Coach cou'dn't fly, or a Trading Vessel take a short Trip without *God Almighty's Permission*; their *printed Bills* speak no such Language now-a-days, the Age forsooth being grown too polite to trust any of their Concerns to Divine Providence.

Murders and *Robberies* were never so frequent in the Memory of Man; People face one another in the Streets with Countenances as hungry as Wolves and Tygers. There is no stirring into any publick Assembly, tho' at Noon-Day, without the hazard of a Purse or some Valuable. People are knock'd down and plunder'd at their own Doors in the Dusk of the Evening, in a populous Town; so that a prudent Person ought not to venture from an Evening-Service, especially in the Winter-Season, without a Case of Pistols in his Pocket. In the most reputable Coffee-Houses a Man dares not leave his *Gloves*, *Box*, or *Spectacles* on the Table for a Moment, but they are irrecoverably lost, and no one knows who to suspect of the Company.

We meet with so many exalted Villainies and Rogueries, and so many Cheats and Tricks of all sorts and sizes: The Age is grown so monstrously corrupt and degenerate, and so strangely overrun with Vice and Folly, that there's little Good to be expected from the Society we find in it. There are indeed some few conversable Persons of Sense and Honour; but then they are so very few, and withal so hard to be discern'd, that a Man may tire two lusty Chairmen or a pair of Horses e'er he can be able to find 'em out.

You

You must be encounter'd with the *Apes* and *Peacocks* of the Town, the Men of *Wit*, *Essence*, and *Fire*, those useless Creatures that we dignify and distinguish by the modish Character of the *Beau Monde* ; and what's worse, be compell'd to suffer your Ears to be bored through and grated with an empty tedious Din of their dull *Impertinences*, or else the squeamish *Coxcombs* look awry and scornfully upon you, and immediately declare you a *senseless*, *stupid*, or a *low Fellow*.

Sometimes you must be forc'd to undergo the peevish *Wranglings* of contentious *Politicians* ; at other times be compell'd to ruffle with the Insolence of *Bullies* and *Sharppers*, or content your self to be borne down, insulted and imposed upon. You must be often forc'd to endure the fulsom Steam of beastly *Ribaldry*, intermix'd with the horrid Sounds of *Blasphemy*. You must be content to be cruciated with sly and injurious *Insinuations* ; be plagued with *Backbiters*, and the serpentine *Hissings* of *Sycophants* and *Tale-bearers*.

This is a brave Town for a Man to make himself a good Proficient in the Arts of *Who-ring* and *Drinking*, or to understand exactly the Methods of *Debauchery* and *Profaneness*, this is indeed the only Place of the World. But who can enjoy the precious Opportunities of *Quiet* and *Sedateness* ? For we must expect quite the contrary, to be encounter'd with *Noise* and *Nonsense*, *Hurryings*, *Scramblings*, *Justlings*, and *Counterminings* to have our *Thoughts* vitiated and disturbed, which are the very *Bane* and *Canker* of *Study* and *Meditation*.

Here are numbers shirking about in *Rags*, the living *Monuments* of their own vicious *Indiscretion* ;

tion ; others hurrying about in Coaches and Chariots without any *Bottoms* to them : A rich Woman's in a Lace-chamber or a Toy-shop, laying out large Sums in the most ridiculous Trifles, while a poor one's in a Broker's, pawning the very Shift off her B---ch for Subsistence : A Taylor with a rich Birth-Day Suit under his Arm juttles against an Undertaker's Fellow with a Coffin and Shroud on his Back : One Great Man is stealing into a Jilt's Chamber for Enjoyment, while another's bearing out of the *Jerusalem* Chamber to Interrment : Some are kissing Hands for Offices and Employments, at the Instant other's are setting their Hands to Bonds and Mortgages of their Estates : One rich *Citizen* is mounting the Great Horse, while another, who does not ride above ten or eleven Stone, after he has wisely *whor'd* and *rac'd* himself out of his Shop, commences as compleat a *Highwayman* as the best *Butcher* or *Attorney* of 'em all. Some are tearing the very Muscles of their Faces with Laughter and Mirth, while others are over-whelm'd in Grief and Sorrow ; loud Claps and Peals of Satisfaction are heard in Play-houses, and Groans with wringing of Hands in Parish Work-houses and Prisons : A Bailiff lays hold of one Man, and a Bottle Companion of another : A deeply indebted Lord is boasting of his Honour, and a tricking Tradesman of his Honesty : Some are in Gaming-Houses and Brothels, calling out for immediate Death and Damnation ; while others are on their Death-beds, invoking Mercy and Forgiveness. Some are setting out on a short Journey with six Horses ; and others on a long one with six Pall-bearers : Some practice Virtue at home and Vice in Company, and so betray their Consciences to avoid

a Blush: Some Libertines are sporting with Religion, and commencing Atheists, to humour Fools and Boon Companions; while the Thoughts of Eternity strikes a Damp through every Joint, and against which there is no humane Relief but *Arrack Punch*, and *Claret*. This is a rough Draught of Men and Things; any one looking into the constant Actions, as well as the Countenances of the generality of Mankind, may easily perceive at what a vile random Rate they live, and the Sense they seem to have of the *Wrath to come*.

When a Person of *Quality* or *Distinction* is seized with an acute Disease, the Name and Place of abode are immediately enter'd in the Ledgers of Life and Death, which are usually kept in *Great Ormond Street*, *Bloomsbury Square*, *Great Ruffel Street*, and *Pall-Mall*. The Stables are stripp'd of their Furniture, and the Horses of their Litter, to prevent the sick Person's Ears being annoy'd with the rattling Equipages of those in better Health; the Knocker of the Door is enjoined to Silence, and from thence ensues a Suspension of impertinent Visits: Servants and other Dependants are struck with fear and trembling, and a general Dread infuses itself through all interested in the Family; the Heir stands divided between Hope and Fear, and is studying how to deport at so nice and critical a Conjunction; while the Understrappers of Undertakers are waiting at every neighbouring Brothel for Intelligence; nor are the Agents of *Colleges*, *Hospitals*, and *Lazar Houses* less busy in keeping a Look-out after the Interests of their Principals. Death is a Winter, that as it withers the Rose and Lilly, so it kills the Nettle and Thistle; as it stifles all worldly Joy and Pleasure,

Pleasure, so it suppresses all Care and Grief ; as it hushes the Voice of Mirth and Melody, so it stills the Clamours and the Sighs of Misery ; as it defaces all the World's Glory, so it covers all Disgrace, and wipes off all Tears, silences all Complaint, buries all Disquiet and Discontent.

All our subtil Conceits, and nice Criticisms ; all our fine Inventions and Speculations shall be swallow'd up either in the utter Darkeness, or in the clearer Light of the future State. One Portion of that *Letbean* Cup (which we must all take down upon our Entrance into that *Land of Forgetfulness*) will probably drown the Memory, deface the Shape of all those *Ideas* with which we have here stuffed our Minds ; however they are not like to be of Use to us in that now so different State ; where none of the learned or modern Languages, no not even the *French* or *Italian* are spoken : None of our Experience will suit ; where all Things have quite another Face, unknown, unthought of by us. Where *Add-f-n* and *P-pe* shall appear mere Idiots ; *Senif-no* and *Far-nello* become senseless and dumb : Where all our great Authors shall have no Authority : Where we must all go a-fresh to school again ; must unlearn perhaps, what in these misty Regions we thought our selves best to know, and begin to learn what we not once ever dreamt of.

Men of high Degree ; the famous Generals, the crafty Statesmen, the grave Senators, the sublime Poets, the deep Philosopher and Astronomer, the skilful Artist, the foolish Witling and Punster ; they who turn and toss about the World at their pleasure, *make the Earth tremble and shake Kingdoms*. Seeing that a Mo-

ment of time shall extinguish all their Lustre, and still all that Tumult about them ; that they must be dis-robed of their Scarlet and Gold, and be clothed with Corruption ; that their so spacious and splendid Palaces must soon be exchanged for close, darksome Coffins ; that both their own Breath, and the Breath of them who now applaud them must be stopp'd ; that they who now bow down to them may trample on them ; and that their *Rods, Regiments, and Ribbands, &c.* must be transferr'd to others.

Since this is the Fate of the most great and glorious among Men, what Reason can there be to admire their Condition, to prize such vain and short-liv'd Pre-eminences ?

I know these Doctrines will sound very harsh and disagreeable in the Ears of too many People ; they will be unwelcome to a jolly red-fac'd Bacchanalian, with a Sea of Punch at his Elbow ; a Jovial treble-chin Parson, taking out the first Slice of a Haunch of Venison ; a rampant Rake, going to ravish a Virgin ; a Lady of Quality, just drest for a courtly Ball ; an overgrown *South-Sea* or *India* Director, recounting his Wealth ; or a rustick 'Squire, at the Heels of a Pack of Fox-Hounds.

When a Person in the lesser or middling State of Life is lying on a sick Bed, a *Physician* comes and takes a cursory View of the Case, and falls to writing what oftentimes proves the unhappy Patient's *Death-Warrant* ; and he being paid for his Work, and having decently slid the Gratuity into his Pocket, is brushing off, but is stopt in the next Chamber by the Wife, who with a sorrowful Countenance demands to know if there are any Hopes, *i. e. of another Husband* : The Doctor declares her Consort to be in a very
bad

bad Way, and far from being out of Danger, but that he shall have all the Assistance in Art and Medicine, in order to be sent for again as soon as possible ; then a Company of impertinent Relations farther interrupt him with Stories of their Acquaintance, who were partly in the *same Way*, with what Means were used, and how successful they prov'd in their Recovery.

The Patient having over-heard a Whispering, is mighty uneasy to know the Physician's private Sentiments, because if there were any real *Danger*, it might be convenient to send for a *Divine* ; or if otherwise, to let it alone. If the sick Person be of any great Account, as a rich Householder, &c. the Rector himself will perhaps vouchsafe to give his Lungs a Breathing up a single Pair of Stairs, and read over a long-neglected Office ; because not only a comfortable *Piece* or two may chance to appear, but in case of a Funeral, a *Ring* and *Scarf* into the bargain. If the Party be only an Inmate or Lodger, of little or no Substance, then few Curates care to visit on the second Floor, and a Garret they think high enough Heaven already to need their Assistance to it. In this Dilemma, Bills are publicly handed up in the Church, so that the Sins of a single Inhabitant oftentimes become a Burden to a whole Parish.

Indeed Repentance and Contrition have their Paroxysms and Periods, as well as Distempers ; they rise and fall with the Course of the Malady : For when the Disease abates, and Strengthencreases, we generally find Prayer and Penitence grow very faint and languid.

WINE, which may have brought the sick Man into his bad Condition, is now to be administer'd medicinally ; the Cork is drawn out

of the Bottle with a Report equal to that of a pocket Pistol, importing that the Town of *Hereford* or *Southam* has had a larger Share in the Composition than that of *Oporto*. The Patient upon this, starts in a Fright from his Pillow to know what's the matter, and perceives a fresh Detachment of Physick, rang'd in Battalia along the Window, which he is told the Doctor has ordered in for his Relief and Comfort.

A Bottle Companion looks in, and bids him be of good Chear, and never let his noble Courage be cast down; he can see no Danger, and does not doubt but by the *Grace of God* to take *many a hearty Soak* with him for all this. The *Penitent* shakes his Head, and promises a thorough Reformation of his Life and Manners, if the Lord shall please to raise him for the Sake of his poor dear Wife and Children; otherwise he sees nothing else that could make Life desirable.

NURSE next, desires him not to spend his Spirits too much in Prayer, for that Providence is very merciful, and will accept of what we can do inwardly: Then tells a Story of the *poor dear Soul* her last *Master* or *Mistress*, saying what miserable Wretches we are when the Lord is pleased to lay his Hands upon us; while she, good Woman, at that very Instant is laying her Hands on a *Napkin*, *Spoon*, or some such *Chattel*, as a Perquisite due to her Office.

The *Apothecary* with a demure affected Countenance steals into the Chamber, and in imitation of the Physician, falls to fumbling the sick Person's Pulse, tho' for his Judgment he may perhaps as well feel his Posteriors; but however, as he is come, he must and will be doing or saying something. The Wife complimenting him, declares she depends as much on his skill

as on the Doctor's, as knowing what Reputation he acquired in curing Mrs. *Such-a-one* of a dangerous Head or Tooth-ach, and therefore begs he would be ingenuous with her, because her Spouse hath vast Concerns to settle: *Why then Madam, to tell you freely my Opinion, I don't think Mr.—— is a Man long for this World, tho' indeed whilst there's Life we have hopes, &c.* The good Woman takes the hint, flies instantly to her Husband's Bed-side, and tells him how prudent it will be to settle his Affairs. *It will be neither here nor there for that; for in God's Grace she don't doubt but he'll do mighty well again. How did Mr. What-d'ye-call-him make his Will on a Sick-bed some years ago, and he is now alive and well.* The sick Man begins now to smell a Rat, and is thoroughly startled: He offers abundance of Shifts and Delays, but the Wife assisted by a trusty Confident or two (acquainted with all the Foibles of the Family) are egging him on, to the same purpose, telling him how prudent it will be to leave all his real and personal Estates to his Wife, and to constitute her the sole Executrix of his last Will and Testament, because such a Disposition will render his Children more dependent, and consequently more dutiful to her. She promising on her part all the Care and Tenderness imaginable, of his poor, dear Offspring, the Pledges of their conjugal Affection. On his bare mentioning the Possibility of her marrying some lusty *Irishman*, who may turn his Children and her too out of doors, before he is well cold in the Grave, the House is ready to be pulled down for *Hart's-Horn*, and *Sal-Volatile*, and People to support Madam. At length he is overcome, and complies with
her

her Request. Matters being now settled to her Mind, her *poor Heart* is ready to break to see the Misery he endures, and begs of the Lord to take him out of his Pain, if it be his heavenly Will, the sooner the better.

These Concerns being delay'd so late, and push'd on at almost the last extremity, the great Work of Repentance, and Care of the *spiritual Estate* lies neglected, that is, in *reversion*; perhaps a *Clergyman* may kneel at the Bedside for half an Hour, and the sick Man receive the *Communion*, with his Family crying about his ears: This is counted great Doings indeed, because 'tis certain Numbers go off the Stage every Week, without hearing so much as a single Prayer, or shewing the least signs of Sorrow for a mis-spent Life; Some dying in their Liquors, some in Apoplexies, and others by violent and acute Diseases. Tho' the *drowning Sailor*, the *dying Criminal*, the *Workman* fallen from his *Scaffold*, and the *wounded Bully* confess the Name of *Jesus Christ*, when their agonizing Souls are fleeing, they have no other Power to invoke; there is none other to help and comfort, tho' in their Health they neglected and despised it.

After all the vain Efforts of Physicians and the power of the whole *Materia Medica*, the sick Man gives up the Ghost: The Nurse declares, there never died a sincerer Penitent; the Wife is assured he is in Heaven; the Undertaker never saw a finer Corpse; the Vintner has lost one of the best of Customers; the Barber one of the best of Masters; and his jovial Companions aver, that an honefter and a merrier Soul never went out of the World. This is the genuine Character of a *modern Christian*.

There

There are too many, if they don't see the Judgment of Heaven ready to fall on their Heads every Moment, that are never melted, but remain hard-hearted, secure sleepy Wretches, and never care to come out of their Lethargy. And this is the reason why many that are called *Bloods, Souls and Cocks*, Fellows that feed high, and partake of all kinds of publick Diversions, that have guilty Consciences, tho' they have many secret Wishes, and sometimes Resolutions to live better, yet they never *squeak* of themselves, or cry earnestly for Mercy, till they lie upon their Death-Beds; and then, O the Promises they ply God with: *Try me, O Lord, and restore me once more to my Health and Spirits again, that I may live to magnify thee, &c.* when in truth all their Tears and Whinings amount to no more than this, that God Almighty will vouchsafe to restore them to the use of their Bottle, their wicked Companions, and former Debaucheries.

I have often observ'd two or three Streaks of Blood raised from the Stomach, or a violent fit of Coughing excite an extraordinary Fit of Piety, and many pious Ejaculations, which have gone off again as suddenly; and when the Persons have recovered their full Spirits, they have seem'd asham'd of what had escap'd them; they would fain have *eaten their Words*, or more properly, *repented of their Repentance*.

Poor *Scepticus*, by Doctors quite giv'n o'er,
Does now his former wicked Life deplore;
Begs Heav'n would so much Mercy lend,
So long protect his Days,
That he may only live to mend,
And rectify his Ways. 6 Wretch

'Wretch that I was, cried he, to doubt a Pow'r
 ' Whose Influence divine I feel each Hour !
 ' O spare me, yet a little Space !
 ' I'll to my loose Compeers,
 ' Acknowledge thy peculiar Grace,
 ' And rouze them with my Fears !

Heav'n hears his Pray'r, his dreadful Fate adjourns,
 But ah ! with Health his former Vice returns ;
 To his gay Friends of little sense,
 Blames his delirious Brain,
 Laughs at his former Penitence,
 And makes the Warning vain.

The common Thief reprieved at the Tree,
 Who robs the very Moment he's set free,
 Has surely more than thou to plead :
 For sad Necessity
 May make him do the wicked Deed,
 That's Wantonness in thee !

But, *Scepticus*, the time again will come,
 When Pray'rs and Tears shall not avert thy doom :
 Then th' added Days shall be thy Curse,
 Thy Soul be crimson'd o'er,
 And thou all Horrour and Remorse,
 Shall wish thou'dst dy'd before !

The *World* is a wicked Man's Goal, *Lust* his
Fetters, *GOD* his Judge, *Conscience* his Accuser, the
Word his Doom, *Death* his Executioner, and *Fire*
his Torment.

Some People think that God is not so terrible
 as indeed he is, nor the Devil so black as he is paint-
 ed, nor that is Hell so hot. *Wolff--n*, and some
 others of the same Stamp, have described the last
 in such faint Colours that they have made it at the
 very

very worst, no more than a Town *Bagnio* or *Sweating-place*; and have reconciled so many to it, that they don't seem to care how soon they go thither to be *cupp'd* and *bath'd*.

The *Prophets* indeed, present God's Wrath as a thing intolerable before the Eyes of the People, that thereby they might surpress all those cursed Conceits of being able to bear it; and hence we shall have many desperately conclude, they will have their living in Sin, and if they perish, they hope they shall be able to bear it; *it is but a Damning*, they think, and hence they go on securely.

Men in their first defections from Virtue, are a little bashful and shy, out of regard to other Folks Opinion, and Tenderness of their own Honour, they are afraid or asham'd to transgress plain Rules of Duty; but in process of time this Disposition wears out; by little and little they arrive to that degenerate Character of the *Jews*, whom the *Prophets* call *impudent Children*, having a *Brow of Brass*, and *Faces harder than Rocks*; so that they commit Crimes bare-faced, and in broad day, without any Mask, without a Blush; they despise their own Reputation, and defy all Censure of others; they outface and outbrave the World, till at length with prodigious insolence they come to boast of their Wickedness: A Fellow shall wish *God to strike him dead*, if he did not corrupt such a Man's Wife, or that he hath not undergone so many *Salivations*: Another calls for *Damnation*, if he did not debauch himself with a certain number of Bottles at a Midnight Carous; thus they *glory in their shame*, as instances of *big Spirit* and *Gallantry*.

As for the monitory Dispensations of Providence, the Tears, and wholesome Reproofs of Friends, with the like Means for reclaiming these Profligates *settled on their Lees*, are but as gusts of Wind brushing an old Oak, or as Waves dashing on a Rock, without at all shaking or stirring it. Now when any Person is come to this pass, it must be vastly difficult to reduce him; to retrieve a deflour'd Modesty, to quicken a jaded Conscience, to supple a callous Heart, to settle a baffled Reason, or to rear a dejected Courage.

Vice as it grows in Age, so it improves in Stature and Strength, from a little *puny Page*, it soon waxeth a *lustly Stripling* in the *Army*; then rises to be a *sturdy Man*, and in a little time becomes a *massy Giant*, whom we shall scarce dare to encounter, whom we shall hardly be able to vanquish.

Old Men are ready to drop of themselves, and young Men are easily brush'd and shaken down; the former visibly stand upon the Brink of Eternity, the latter walk upon a bottomless Bog, into which they may stump unawares; who then can in any wise be secure? We are all therefore highly concern'd to use our Life while we have it; to catch the first Opportunity, lest all Opportunity forsake us. *Man knoweth not his time; as the Fishes that are taken in an evil Net, and as the Birds are caught in the Snare; so are the Sons of Men snar'd in an evil time, when it cometh suddenly upon them.*

The Art of *Voluptuousness* is so improved upon us, that our *Viands* is no longer proportion'd to our *Hunger*, but our *Tastes*: So that the *Stomach* is made merely passive in the matter of
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of Eating; and serves only to receive those Loads we charge it with. With studied Mixtures we force our reluctant Appetites, and raise them up, that we may have the Pleasure to lay them again: thus unworthily treacherous are we to Nature, which while we pretend to *relieve*, we *oppress*. Among the *Great*, every thing is insipid that is not *manufactured* by a *foreign Cook*, whose *Wages*, and *Waste* of wholesome Provisions for *Soups* and *Ragousts*, in the space of one year, would be an Exhibition for one Hundred poor Families in *Spittlefields* and *Soho*.

And that we may not be charged with partial Intemperance, we go not less in that of *Drink*, wherein we are so nice and critical, that it is become a Science to *judge of Wines*: But how great soever our *Curiosity* be, 'tis certain our *Excess* is greater. How unhappily predominant this Vice is, the lowest Capacity may easily judge. Sobriety is a reproachful thing, such as even those who value it dare not own. It may be justly said of this Kingdom, that the one half of the People are Publicans and Sinners, there being more Taverns and Tipling-houses than in all the Cities of the World besides; nor is it less amazing, to see with what Greediness the People pour down adulterated *Wines*, and other sophisticated Liquors, and consume abundance of their Time and Substance.

It is undoubtedly a very great Error to permit this Scandal, and suffer so many of these Brothels, those viperous Blood-suckers, Promoters of Debauchery and Intemperance, who fatten on the vital Blood of honest but unwary, thoughtless People. So is it a sad Indication of national Impiety, a fatal Symptom,

that we have near fill'd up the Measure of our Iniquities.

We are not only over-run with foreign *Cooks* and *Wines*, but likewise with *Exotick Tutors* and *Divines*. *French* Ministers have brought Apostacy into fashion, and oftentimes rais'd a Spirit of Faction in *Britain*, as well as in *France*; they thrust themselves into Ecclesiastical Benefices, and govern the Children of the Nobility. Miss must go to the *French Chapel*, to improve in the Language rather than divine Knowledge; tho' one Tongue is certainly enough for any Woman. We hate the Nation, yet cannot live without the Natives. They screw and cringe themselves into the best Families, and engross both Places of Trust and Profit, so that their Punishment has prov'd a Favour; for they enjoy here more Plenty than they durst have expected at home; wherefore we may charitably conclude, that the *Roast-Beef*, as well as the *Religion* of *Old England*, has driven such Flocks of them hither. Who can reconcile this Conduct to our Clamours? Who will not think we rail in jest, when we thus caress in earnest, and that our Hearts are *French* as well as our Clothes? Their Religion is *Puritan*, thrice refined; their Zeal has more Heat than Light, and more Peevishness than Charity. A fine Opera-bred Lady, thoroughly Frenchified, being once prevailed on to visit her own Parish Church, in the Liberty of *Westminster*, was brought to confess, that tho' *Pierrot* touch'd her Eye, as *Farinello* had done her Ear, yet S—— had peirc'd her Heart.

To take down these Ladies Stomachs, and to bring their soaring Thoughts a point lower, I would desire them to take a turn from the Church into the Charnel-House, and try

try whether they can distinguish the Skull of a Dutcheſs from that of a Servant Wench; whether the Aſhes of a rich Veſtry-Man are better qualify'd than thoſe of a poor Vagrant. To ſee the Pride of a Town-Toaſt tam'd by a Conſumption, one that rated herſelf not by the Pound, but like Diamonds by the Caract, and was ſo extravagantly fond of herſelf, that ſhe fancied her Body a compound of the fifth Element, all Celeſtial, without Droſs or Matter, to ſee her now conſume by Inches, and loſe her Blood by Drops: This Death-bed Figure is certainly an humbling, tho' a moſt inſtructive Sight; and would Curioſity lead Ladies ſometimes within proſpect of ſuch Scenes, the Price of Female Perfections might fall. For in fine, to ſit in ſo black a Cloud, to withdraw with Convuſions, to go off with Deformity, and like a Candle, to vaniſh in Stench, is a mortifying Rebuke to the Dignity of Human Nature.

What the World calls *well-bred* Women are generally ſo over-charge'd with Preſumption and Self-love, that they believe themſelves Miſtreſſes of all thoſe Perfections, brain-ſick Lovers, or fawning Sycophants are pleas'd to aſſign 'em; and ſometimes miſtake a plain Satyr for a Panegyrick, and grow big of Conceit with being lampoon'd. But tho' a Lady ſhould be grac'd with the Hair of *Aurora*, with the Eyes of *Venus*, the Maſteſty of *Juno*, and the Feet of *Thetis*, (to ſpeak in the poetick Jargon;) Alas! what is all this but Vanity and Impoſture, but Mire glaz'd over with Snow, but an Idol of Fools, or a Flower that opens and fades, that exhales Perfumes and Stench the ſame Day? What Language can reach the Extravagance of thoſe who rate themſelves upon ſo inconfiderable

Advantages? They are distemper'd beyond all Lunacy of the Mad-house, and should be tied up to Diet, and confin'd to Darkness and Discipline.

Hypocrisy and Diffimulation are always uncreditable, but in Matters of Religion monstrous to a Sacrilege. How many are found Saint without and Fiend within? Who cloath Vice with the Robes of Virtue, and so walk in a Road to Hell, while they pretend to march for Heaven. We had a Lady about three Years ago, who set up for a Saint of the first Magnitude, but she built all her Piety upon Hypocrisy. She took her *Plan* from the *Pharisees*, and modell'd her Conduct by their Practice. She was a most rigid Presbyterian, first fram'd by *Burgefs*, and then polish'd on *Bridges's* Anvil. She had the Turn of the Eye in perfection, and topp'd the Twang of the Predestinate. Nay, some say, she could wind a Church of *England* Lady, or a Papist, a Mile at least. She pray'd in *De-sol-re*, and would now and then groan the Family into a quartan Ague: And what is strange, this holy Impulse seldom came upon her but in Company; and she constantly read Scripture at the Window, and continually harped upon the Baptist's Exhortation to the Jews, and sigh'd out *repent, repent*. Now all this Grimace run upon Interest. She made Loans of large Sums of Money, to the amount, as some say, of between 20 and 30,000 *l.* at 6*l.* per Cent. which, together with the Reputation of her Saintship, brought such Crowds of Votaries to her with their Money, that she could scarce receive it fast enough; and some were so stupid, as to take no other than her verbal Promise for a Security. In this manner she went on for a considerable time,

time, preying upon her most intimate Friends and Acquaintance, many of whom were forc'd with even Tears to entreat her to take the Charge of their Fortunes under her Protection. It pleas'd God to call this *modern Christian* off the Stage, when her Affairs were in such a State of Insolvency, as surpriz'd the whole Town, and her Executors were involv'd in great Difficulties in the Courts of *Law* and *Equity*.

It is observ'd that when an openly wicked Person does *affect* to gain Credit in Heaven, he generally forfeits his Reputation upon Earth. A Man who has plaid the D——l with himself and every one else, and cannot go any farther in his Wickedness, and only acknowledges his Errors when he feels the Punishment of his Crimes: I say, when such a Face appears on a sudden among a Congregation of Christians at Divine Worship, it gives an Alarm to the whole Parish, so that his Devotion may perchance prove his Destruction, for his Conversion is whisper'd as News every where, and by shrewd People is taken as a strong Symptom of a Bankrupt Disease. They smook a Snake in the Grass, and act either *offensively* or *defensively* against him. If this Shew of Conviction and Repentance were real, and with a View, according to the Prophet, *to save his Soul alive*, something might be said; but when it is contriv'd perhaps to save only his Goods and Chattels from Execution, and his Conversion shall last no longer than he can settle a Composition with his Creditors; People that *know the World* ought not to be blam'd for being on their Guard against such a *practical Sinner*.

Our Saviour commands us to keep our Piety to our selves, and to confine it to Darknes and Secrecy.

Secrecy. However, we must not omit a good Deed out of an Apprehension of being discovered. This would be to stretch Caution too far, and so keep up to one Precept by the Breach of another. For though in one Place he recommends Privacy, in another he orders us to be vertuous in publick for Edification. Let our Actions be publick; but let our Intentions be secret; that at once we may edify our Neighbour by our Example, and by our Intention to please God alone, wish it were private.

So many go over to Vice, and so heartily carry on its Interests, it's necessary for the Friends of Virtue to make some Provision against the Assaults of so prevailing a Party. Now who are more proper to raise Virtue, and humble Vice, than Ladies of Quality? They are exposed to the View of the Vulgar, and receive Homage and Incense like the old Female Deities, from their Inferiors: They are ape'd by the Sex of a lower Rate; their Airs, Mien, Gestures, and Carriage are copied by Citizens Wives and Daughters, and these Pretenders to Politeness glory in the very Follies of a Lady. And if once Virtue be fashionable among Ladies, it may in time be *alamode* among the *Gentlemen* also; for with these, their Approbation is a kind of Law almost as inviolable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians*: And Men will rather suffer a Restraint, and clap Nature under Hatches, than purchase a petty Satisfaction at the rate of a Lady's Displeasure. Thus because Women have an Aversion to a tempestuous Conversation, and start almost as much at a round Oath as at the Dun of a *Mercer*; no Man of Breeding will any more swear than duel in their Presence. Now if a Principle of Civility can bridle one Vice,
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why can't it silence another? Thus a Lady might become an Apostle, without the Labour of preaching; for Example moves more than Homily, tho' it be less clamorous.

The insupportable Neglect of some Parents in making no difference between the Foot-Boys and their Children, but that they caress'd those, and eternally tormented these; they herd with the Stable and the Kitchen, and have their Education from both. If ever they are sent to school, 'tis only to rid the House, not for their Instruction. Nor can one behold with Patience the Fondness of others. I have seen young Master often play the Lion in the Family, and his tender Mother applaud and be ravish'd with his Insolence, like the *Romans* in *Seneca's Days*.

She would embrace the Spark, when she should have chid him, nay, and kiss him for those very Things she should have whipt him. To cross the Child, is to stab the Mother; and if he whimpers, she cries in good earnest; his Passions grow upon him with Age, and a foolish Indulgence emboldens 'em; he asks what he pleases, and obtains what he demands; a Refusal sets him on fire, and then my young *Jupiter* begins to thunder: My Lady trembles at the Tempest she has raised; and instead of laying it by a sober Correction, she foolishly augments it by a thousand Caresses: He is coached to Company, Balls, and Play-houses, and must be a Spectator of his Mamma's Vanities and Follies, to learn 'em. It has been reported of a young Lady who was so far indulg'd in every extravagant Humour that she burnt, broke, and tore all kinds of valuable Furniture without the least Check or Controul, and that several of her Servants had been dismiss'd for not being aiding and assisting

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to her in demolishing a large Pier-Glass, or a fine Pile of China, when the Infant's tender Years would not permit her to do it without Help. It has been likewise said, she at length grew to such a pitch of Extravagancy that Miss's Maids dare not suffer her to appear in sight of the Moon, lest she should cry and tear for the Possession of that Luminary.

The Multitude will hardly believe the excessive Force of Education, and in the Difference of Modesty between Men and Women, ascribe that to Nature what is altogether owing to early Instruction. *Miss* is scarce three Years old but she's spoke to every Day to hide her Leg, and rebuked in good earnest if she shews it ; whilst *Little Master* at the same Age is told to take up his Coats and piss like a Man because *Daddy bids it*. How often have Children ill educated thrown themselves away in Marriage, ruin'd a fine Estate, and brought both Father and Mother with Grief and Chagrin to the Grave ?

Our young Ladies generally speaking are brought up, as if God created 'em meerly for a *Seraglio*, and that their only Business was to charm a brutish Sultan : One would think they had no Souls, there is such a Care taken of their Bodies ; that God had enacted a Salique Law as well as the *French*, and excluded the Sex from the Inheritance of Heaven.

The seven years of Infancy, are spent merely in the Entertainment of Sense, they are yet supposed unfit for instruction ; and so their little Passions sprout up without check. But under Favour, tho' in an Age so tender, Children cannot be disciplin'd by Reason, they may by Sense : For I cannot see why their Passions are not in a Capacity of being moderated so soon

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as they are in a condition of being excited ; for tho' they are not ripe for Precept, they are for Fear, Menace, and Caresses ; and thus we oftentimes see the Nurse frowns and fawns the most forward Infants into Good Humour. Some Restraint should therefore be put upon their disorderly Propensions, even in their Non-age ; for if you suppose a Child to be a Brute at Seven, and treat him merely as such, in all Probability, you will make him continue so till Ten. But alas ! this timely Care is quite forgot ; little Miss, like Mamma's Lap-dog, is caress'd till she is fit for nothing else, but to play or sleep.

So soon as Reason begins to sparkle, Miss is led into the Dressing-Room ; she is taught the great Mystery of the Glass, and all the important Secrets of the Toilet ; which Wash clears the Complexion, which conserves, and which repairs it. These are necessary *Prolegomena's* to the Science. A Man may as well be a perfect Mathematician without the knowledge of an *Angle* or a *Circle*, as a Lady can be a Graduate in the Philosophy of the Dressing-Room without these *Postulatus*.

For Beauty being the chief Object of a Lady's care, she must help Nature with Art, and polish the Work of the Omnipotent with *Spanish* Wool ; she must fence against the Assaults of Heats, the Excursions of Pimples, and the dangerous inroads of that mortal Enemy to Beauty, the Small-Pox. She must in short expose her Life to save her Complexion. And then to Mould her Shape to the *Countess* of ——— Standard, what Pains does the Mother take on one side, and what a Martyrdom does the Child undergo on the other ? Her Feet are condem-

ned to the *Scotch Boot*, and her Body to the Torment of the Press. She is penn'd up in Iron, and is forced to trail her Person. Besides, the poor Creature is put to a short Allowance of cold Water, or tied up to a Pittance of Barley-Broth, and must keep a continual Lent, in spite of our Statute-Book. One would think Hunger was a Propriety of the Sex, and Fasting the topping Quality of a young Lady; her Mother will not suffer her to grow up to her Joints, nor to have all the Flesh and Bones that God designed her. And thus she is racked without and within, for the Satisfaction of *Madam*, and the whole Body is sacrificed for Shape and Colour.

And now Miss leaves the Nursery for the *Guitarr*, or the *Virginals*, and when she has mastered a Minuet and an Air; and when she can practice a Brace of Grimaces, and waves the Fan, good God how Mamma titters; she is now fledged for the World, and sets out for Company. But she must beware of Reservedness, and fence against a Blush; for these are Country Vices, Symptoms of Rusticity, Crimes against Breeding, and the Freedom of the Town. She is therefore taught a qualifying Embellishment, called in the polite Dialect, *Affurance*, in the Christian *Confidence*; and thus she mortgages Modesty for Behaviour, and almost robs the Woman to equip the Lady.

In the mean time, Age comes upon her, Passions get a head, Temptations follow without number, Desires without bridle, and Vanity without check. She is a Stranger to the Doctrine of Self-abnegation, and unpractised in the Methods of Resistance: She knows not what it means to baulk Appetite, nor to sub-
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due Sense to Reason. She has been set up by the Mother for a little Goddess, and the Family adores her like a household Divinity. The Frowns of this little Creature raise Storms, and her Smiles, fair Weather; you must no more cross her, than offend those Stars that in the Pagan Theology, rained Tempests on the Heads of those who disdain'd to salute them.

Besides, Miss is not only mis-led by the fawning of the Mother, but too often poison'd by the example of the Maid. If *Sarah* has a Gallant, she is the Repository of her Secrets, she enters into the Intrigue, and is inform'd of the rise and progress of the Adventure. Her Apartment is the place of Assignment, and Rendezvous, and by Consequence she is Witness of all those Follies that wait on Love, between Persons whose Passion is greater than their Conscience; such Spectacles stain the Imagination of Children, they carve Devils in the Brains of those yet innocent Angels; and tho' at present they make no great Impression, they will in time cut out work not only for her young Ladyship, but for *Judges, Juries, and Civil Lawyers*. They will awake the Fury of Love, and throw Fuel to this fiery Passion; for such Sights, like the *Indian* Poisons, work some years after they are taken. The Memories of Youth are extremely tenacious, and if they are sullied with an indecent Object, will recollect it, till at last they transcribe it.

Now whilst the young Lady makes so fair a Progress in the Science of the World, she is a meer *Ignoramus* in the School of Heaven; *Heid—gg—r* and *H—nd—l*, are her Deities: Question her about Religion, she is a Stranger to the Language. One would think she had dropt from the Moon, or had been train'd up

at *Gibraltar*: She can scarce distinguish a Church from a Theatre, and knows no more of the Gospel, than a *Marshal's Court* Attorney. And indeed, poor Creature! how should she be instructed, but by immediate Revelation? The *Credenda* of Christianity are not infused by Nature, and the *Agenda* too in great part convey'd to us by the Senses. Now who takes care to instil these Principles into young Ladies? The Mother has too much Work upon her Hands to undertake a new Employment, the Office of Catechist is below her Level, 'tis too pedantick and serious for a Person who affects Ignorance, and doats on Mirth and Levity. Besides, she fancies her Obligation only reaches the Body, that the Soul lies out of her Jurisdiction; that if she fits the Child for a *Belle Assemblée* and the *Opera*, she discharges the Duty of a Mother.

Now if my Lady forgets the most important Point of Education, will her Chamber-maid remember it? If the Mother, like the *Ostrich*, abandons her Young, and flies into the Wilderness, will her Maid be more careful? Alas! perhaps she is as little vers'd in the Catechism as *Miss*, and knows no more from whence she came, or for what End she was placed in the World, than *Betty Careless*: And altho' she were able to instruct, there is no depending on her Will; Servants are mercenary, they have an Eye on their own Advantage, they drudge for their own Interest, not their Mistresses; and by consequence to wind themselves into their Favour, they entertain them rather with things that please, than with those that profit. They are in fine a Race of insolent Huffies, that bask in the Sunshine of Ease and Wantonness, and cannot live without the Heat of their Ladies Favour.

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Therefore what can be expected from a young Creature brought up in Sloth, Luxury, and Vanity on the one side, and in a total Ignorance of Religion on the other? From a Woman furnished already in all the gaudy Amusements of Vanity and Diversions, and quite a Stranger to any future Expectation? Who will bridle Passion without Reason? Or forego a present Satisfaction for the prospect of a future? To sport down the Stream of Inclination, is pleasing; but to row against the Current, is a very fatiguing Employment. Now no Man will tug at the Oar, without either the hope of a Salary, or the Fear of a greater Punishment. For Pleasure without Torments in Remainder, is, in most Men's Opinion, preferable to Virtue without the Expectation of Reward. Having therefore so faint Invitations to Good, so powerful, so bewitching Allurements to Evil, we must not wonder, if Ladies follow those Impressions; if Vanity over-rules Duty, and criminal Amusements run down Morality. Thus equipt, young Ladies are assigned to Husbands: They change their Subjection, but not their Principles. With their Portion they bring all the Extravagancies of their Childhood, and seldom resign them, but with their last Breath. The first Education sinks deep, and in time twists itself with Nature. You may with the same ease persuade a General Officer from debauching a young Virgin he has in his power, as preach an ill-principled Girl into a virtuous Woman.

The Number of Wives, who like lost Sheep have stray'd from their Husbands, and are seeking their Bread in some distant Countries and parts of the Land; shews to how brutish an Impudence the Sin of criminal Conversation is arrived. We need

need not trace these things into their secret Recesses, the Actors themselves willingly proclaim their Guilt. Nay, dread nothing so much as the Opinion of being thought innocent. So old-fashioned, a Virtue is Modesty now become, that even the Sex to which it was once accounted the greatest Ornament, have laid it aside like an old Suit of Pinners. Whether this pulling down the *Fence*, be an Indication, they are willing to lie *Common*, I shall not take upon me to determine.

'Tis probable, that this *Vice* has been fomented by *Fulness of Bread, and abundance of Idleness*. That our Plenty is very subservient to it, appears by the *vast Expence* all our Town-Intrigues are managed with. What infinite numbers of hands are employ'd, and the Families visibly supported by them, viz. As *Mil-liners, Mantua-makers, Toywomen, China Shops, Chambermaids, Chairmen, Chairwomen, Hackney-Coachmen, Footmen, Porters, and Vintners, &c. &c. &c.*

As for the Remedy which God has assign'd, it serves now only to exasperate the *Disease*. *Marriage*, with too many, only advances Simple Fornication to downright Adultery; those sacred Bands like *Sampson's Withs*, are broke upon every Assault; and the very Thoughts of being confin'd, makes Men more apt to range: For 'tis not their *Necessities*, but their *Fancies* they are to provide for, and that is so boundless, that the greatest Scope of *Polygamy* would never satisfy it: The same quarrel would then lie to multiply'd Wives, which now does to single; I mean, that they were their own; and how numerous soever their *Flock* were, it would not secure their poor Neighbour's only *Lamb*; especially

pecially when 'tis considered, that in this they gratify two Vices at once, their *Vanity* as well as their *Lust*; their Pleasure being generally as great in *Cuckolding* the Husband as that of *Corrupting* the Wife.

CHARITY is that Vertue by which, part of that sincere Love we have for ourselves is transfer'd pure and unmix'd to others, not ty'd to us by the Bonds of Friendship or Consanguinity ; and even to meer Strangers, who we have no Obligation to, nor hope or expect any Thing from. If we lessen any ways this Definition, part of the Virtue must be lost. What we do for our Friends and Kindred we do partly for our selves : When a Man acts in behalf of Nephews and Nieces, and says they are my Sister's Children, *I do it out of Charity* ; he deceives you ; for if he is capable it is expected from him, and he does it partly for his own Sake : If he values the Esteem of the World, and is nice as to Honour and Reputation, he is obliged to have a greater regard to them than for Strangers, or else he must suffer in his Character.

The Exercise of this Virtue relates either to Opinion or to Action, and is manifested in what we think of others, or what we do for them. To be charitable then, in the first place, we ought to put the best Construction on all that others do or say, that the things are capable of. If a Man raises a fine Structure, tho' he has not one Symptom of Humility, furnishes it richly, and lays out a good Estate in grand Gardens, Canals, Plate, and Pictures, &c. we ought not to think he does it out of Vanity, but to encourage Artists, employ Hands, and set the Poor to work for the Good of his Country. And if a Man sleeps at Church, so he does not snore, we ought think he shuts his Eyes to increase his Attention. If a Counsellor

fellor at Law should be catch'd in a Coal-Hole with his Foot-Boy, we must suppose, he was giving the Lad a private Admonition, rather than think he had any wicked Intention. No one can rightly judge of the Motives Men may have for their Actions.

The last Branch of Charity, consists in giving away (whilst we are alive) what we value ourselves, to such as I have already nam'd ; being contented to have, and enjoy less, than not relieve those that want, and shall be the Objects of our Choice.

There are some who are really not so hard-hearted to the Poor altogether, as they would affect to be thought ; but commiserate them inwardly as much as those that give liberally, but it is their Pride or Interest makes them spurn at the Wretched, lest their own Circumstances should be suspected, by their sympathizing for the Sufferings of others. For which Reason, that Christian Phrase of *Poor Devil*, is so frequently made use of, on naming a Person in none of the best of Circumstances, and that very often too, by those in much worse themselves.

A rich Citizen, who is thoroughly selfish, and would receive the Interest of his Money after Death, has nothing to do but to defraud his Relations, and leave his Estate to some *College* or *Hospital* : They are the best Markets to buy Immortality at with little Merit. He will have Stories forg'd in his favour (for Biographers are never upon Oath) that shall be as fabulous as any of the most ridiculous Legends. It is deplorable that the Proud should have such Temptations to wrong their lawful Heirs. It buoys him up in Sickness, relieves him in Pain, and either guards him against, or keeps from his View
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all the Terrors of Death, and the most dismal Apprehensions of Futurity.

Men aim at Happiness in all their Pursuits, but generally they mistake the Means. Such a *Place* cries one, such a *Post* says another, fits my Temper to a hair, put me into that, and I shall be more happy than a Monarch ; I will for the future check my *Desires*, and forbear *Wishing*. Those who wish for what they have not, forfeit the Enjoyment of what they have ; when they desire eagerly, they hope too fast, and are hair'd by fear. Now a Man may as soon be easy on the Wheel, as happy between these two Passions. If we give way to Nature, we spend all our time in Pretensions, and leave not a Moment for Enjoyment. Happiness only begins when Wishes end ; and he that hankers after more, enjoys nothing. If our Desires tower high, we shall use foul Means, if fair will not raise us ; for when Passion becomes clamorous and importunate, the Whispers of Reason are either not heard or not regarded. He that is bent upon a thing, will have it, without boggling at the Notions of *Right* or *Wrong*. Now to rise by Crimes, is to pay too dear for the Elevation ; all the Glory, all the Worth of the Universe will not hold out to the Length of Pride and Covetousness ; and seeing they are too little to satiate our Desires, they should not be big enough methinks to provoke them.

The WORLD, by the excellent Contrivance of it, which, indeed, is both amazing and ravishing, can neither be expressed by Tongue, or drawn out by Pencil. 'Tis above Art, and out of the Reach of Reason. The most searching *Genius* that ever was, has not been able to discover one Blot in the large *Volume* of the World,

there are no *Errata*. Nothing slept in as a rude Essay of Skill, and afterwards underwent the File or Hammer, but all things continue as they were, from *the Beginning of the Creation*.

From this Order and Regularity, *Tully* infers, that the World was the Project of a wise *Agent*, and brands those with Folly, who dare deny a Conclusion so clear, so evident: *The Beauty of the World, and exact Order of the Heavens, demonstrate the Existence of a noble, and eternal Being, to whom Men owe Esteem and Admiration*; nay, he sticks not to affirm, that the Contemplation of the Oeconomy, Harmony, and Order of the heavenly Bodies, put the Matter in a Light, that leaves no room for dispute. *What can be imagined more clear, than that there is a most wise Being, who directs and governs the Heavens?*

Now that a Vein of Wisdom runs through every part of the World, is most evident; for it supposes two things, a Design, and Means proportion'd to acquire it: and where those two are found, Wisdom must be admitted. We have Eyes to see, and there are Colours capable of being seen. We have Organs fitted up for *Smell, Taste, and Feeling*, and there are Objects able to gratify them. *Colours, Smells, &c.* would be useless, were there no Senses to receive them; and Senses insignificant, if there was nothing in Nature to play upon them. This reciprocal Relation, argues a Design, and a choice of Means, and who denies it to be the Contrivance of Wisdom, is but slenderly provided with that Virtue.

The Sun, which is call'd the Father of Nature, as the Earth is term'd the Mother, moves about

bout us in so just a Distance, that nothing could place it so conveniently, but his Wisdom who assign'd its Task. Were it more remote, the Earth would congeal ; did it approach, we should be parch'd with Heat, and fall into Ashes : But now we enjoy the Benefit of its Light, and the Earth the Effects of its invivifying Influence ; it impregnates the Womb of Nature with its Rays, and attacks Vapours, to pour them down in Dews and Showers, that refresh the Fields, enliven Flowers, and bring with them Plenty and Abundance ; and at the same time returns those Waters to the Rivers, and Sea, of whom it borrow'd them ; and so as it were exercises at once an Act of *Liberality* and *Justice*.

But then all those delicious Fruits that charm the Eye and please the Palate, would rather be admirable than useful, did they not turn into the Substance of Animals ; and those like *Tantalus* would perish of Hunger in the Arms of Plenty, had they no Instinct to feed on them. But again, had every Creature an Inclination to the same Food, one would starve the other : Nature would be at a *Nonplus* for Provisions, her Granaries would be exhausted, her Stock drain'd, and then Mortality would follow : But now she keeps open table for all her Children, she maintains them at her own Expences ; and though they neither reap nor sow, they are rather overwhelm'd with Plenty than press'd with Necessity. Besides, had not the *Male* an Inclination for the *Female*, the Species would be at an end ; and this Inclination would not continue them, unless Propagation were made by it. Had the Female no Tenderneſs for her Young, they could not hold out a day ; yet did not her Teats swell with Milk, her Tenderneſs could not preserve them :

them ; but these poor Creatures, forsaken of their Dam, would be exposed to Insult, were they destitute of Swiftnes, Craft, Courage, or Arms to defend, themselves or annoy the Aggressor. Nature has provided against this Inconvenience ; Flight saves some, Wiles others, and many dispute their Lives ; and when they are over-powered, they seldom fall without Revenge ; they handle their Weapons with Art, and fence by Rule and Method.

Galen takes notice in his Book *de Forma Foetus*, that in human Bodies there are above 600 Muscles ; and that every one at least requires ten Qualifications : So that about these small Parts alone, no less than 6000 Ends are to be attended to. There are 284 Bones, and each has above forty Ends, in all 10000 ; and a Failure in any one of these would cause a great Irregularity in the Body, and in many Death and Destruction.

Not to dilate farther on this Proof, I appeal now whether these strange and admirable Contrivances, these natural Tendencies to one Point, and withal these Means so proportionable, do not cry out, *ipse fecit nos, & non ipse nos?* We are neither the Work of blind Chance, nor the Product of fatal Necessity, but of an infinite Power and Wisdom. We cannot cast an Eye upon a rough Landskip, but the very Sight of it leads us to a Painter : And if a Tree or Animal in Effigie conducts us naturally to a Hand that drew them, and to Wisdom that contriv'd them ; can these living Originals be father'd on Hazard or Necessity ? Indeed our Understandings are poor and unfurnish'd, they come into the World misshaped, and must be polish'd by Study, before they can give a tolerable Account of the most obvious Trifles ; and yet when this is done,

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we cannot rely on their Intelligence, for they have but few Principles to steer by ; the Gross of our Knowledge is made of Illations, which are beaten out with great Labour and Attention ; and when we contemplate self-evident Truth at a distance, the Mind is puzzled at the View of some emerging Circumstances ; which makes us forget or mistake the Connexion of the Consequence with the Premises, and then our Labour is rewarded with Error.

As to *Publick Spirit in Religion*, it is certain, that while Popery prevailed in this Nation, the Clergy were possessed of it in the most eminent Degree, if their own Words might be taken. It was they who laid out themselves for their Flock. It was they who imprison'd themselves in Monasteries, that by Contemplation they might be able to edify others. And it was they who held out to the Laity the good Things of the other World, receiving, as a *poor* Reward from them, a Part, and a very ample Part, of the good Things of this. These Pretences went down for many Centuries, at least with the Multitude ; but at last they began to be generally disbelieved, when they were repeated and declaimed on with more Vehemency than ever. The great Power and vast Revenues of Churchmen, the apparent Luxury in Religious Houses, the open Contempt of Morality, visible in the Behaviour of Priests, open'd the Eyes of the People to Day-light, and their Ears to Truth. They could be then no more imposed on, but loudly branded with the Epithets of self-interested, devouring Wolves, those who still affected to call themselves Pastors, kind and beneficent, ready to lay down their Lives for the Sheep.

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The *Protestant Religion* came in on Principles of Publick Spirit ; it rescued *Christianity* from the Tyranny of Priests, and shook off those Absurdities which from Views of private Interest had been brought into the *Church*. But did Things long continue in this State ? No. Men soured with want of Preferment, endeavoured to prefer themselves by advancing popular Points, which they glossed with Pretences of Publick Spirit, and most obstinately disturb'd the Publick Peace, about Things which little regarded the Publick. Some time after the Clergy of the Established Church began (with mighty Pretences too to Publick Spirit) an Attack on the Freedom of the Laity, and set up high Demands as to Spiritual Dominion. By the help of various Accidents, and especially by getting the better of the Reason of their Lay-Disciples, they effected their Ends, *and thereby destroy'd themselves*. For their Enemies laying hold of this Opportunity, so effectually exposed their narrow Views, their tyrannical Conduct, and their departure from Protestant Principles ; that while these pursued them eagerly, their Friends (who saw they were deceived) defended them but coldly, and so the Establish'd Church was overturned.

When the Enemies of the Established Church had thus compassed their Ends, they immediately discover'd of what Stamp their Publick Spirit was, by setting up for as absolute a Dominion as had been claim'd by the Church, and affecting to exercise that very Rule, which they had condemned. This gave occasion to the distressed Church to manifest true Publick Spirit ; and the celebrated Dr. *Taylor* wrote so excellently in Defence of Moderation and Christian Liberty, that the Majority of the Nation were quickly reconciled

to the Established Church, which, in Consequence thereof, again took Place. It is not my Design to abridge our Ecclesiastical History farther than as it serves to illustrate the Point I am endeavouring to explain. What I have said, is sufficient to shew that great Pretences have been made to Publick Spirit on all Sides, and on all Sides serv'd only to cover Selfish Views; which, in the end, have done what they will always do, totally ruined what it was thought they would support. I presume therefore I may conclude, that Publick Spirit in the Church ought to be well examined, whenever it is pretended to be for the Safety of the Church.

It may be said, that all these Fears ought now to be removed; but I cannot allow this, because while I see the Causes remain, I cannot suppose the Effects, tho' they may vary, will entirely cease. A young Fellow is sent to the University to acquire the Requisites for taking Orders. He is no sooner ordain'd, than he comes up to Town; immediately catches the Itch of Preferment, or, in other Words, the Desire of living in Pomp and Splendor, rather than be chain'd down to Parochial Duty, which he looks on as a painful Life, and a moderate Subsistence; and, compared with these shining Scenes, downright Penury. To attain these he looks out a Patron, and Camelion like, his Principles receiving Colour from those of him who is to reward them, our young Orator, full of Publick Spirit, begins with a Sermon or two in the Style of the Party, and becomes immediately a rising Genius in Polemic Divinity. An Age replete with these sanctified Declaimers, may very possibly improve in the Art of Disputing, but never

in the Art of Living ; a Field, though it looks green while Fallow, is yet nevertheless useless ; nor can that Church ever be said to flourish, which bears no better Crop than Weeds. In such a Situation, if it should come into the Heads of Christian Priests to run directly counter to their Predecessors, and, instead of Zeal, to recommend Calmness, I had like to have said Coldness in Religion, to discountenance studying the Scriptures, and to resolve all Things into living like Men of Honour ; we ought not immediately to suppose this Publick Spirit, but rather to examine whether they had not some Reasons of a private Nature for putting off this Doctrine to the *Publick*.

It is a great Pity that Men know not to what End they are born into the World, till they are ready to go out of it. There is no greater Argument of an ignorant and inconsiderate Mind, than to droll upon Matters of Religion ; for this is to sport with Life and Death, and to make a Jest of one's own Destruction. About the Hour of Midnight, when People are pretty much elevated over their Bottle, we find the Subject of Conversation generally turns either upon Religion or Bawdy. The Contents of Religion are awful and of infinite Importance, and 'tis the Part of a wise Man to examine them seriously and severely ; but to abuse them with bold and prophane Jest, renders not Religion ridiculous, but the Buffoon who trifles and sports with his own Life : So that if the Principles of Religion can be thought to be doubtful, they ought however to be examined with an awful Fear and Regard ; because they concern us so nearly, and so importantly.

There are many who carry the Mark of Reprobation in their very Countenances ; their flinty
Hearts

Hearts and seer'd Consciences being plain enough in their Faces ; they persevere in their Rebellion to their last Moments, and dying without any good Works, &c. A News-paper for about a couple of Shillings makes excellent Christians of 'em ; they are canoniz'd upon Church-Walls for Saints, and so for a trifling *Expence* their *virtuous Actions* are handed to down Posterity : And 'tis to be feared that many a Body is lurking under a fair Monument, when the Soul is burning in Hell-Flames. A late famous *Engineer*, whose surviving Relations having bestowed a most fulsome monumental Character on him, an unknown Hand subjoin'd the Following to the Inscription, *viz. He is in greater Probability gone to that Place, where only his Fireworks can be exceeded.*

Every one has a sufficient Testimony of the Truth of the *great Doctrines* of Religion within his own Breast, in that his own Mind pre-judges and threatens him, when he trespasses against them ; as it also cheers and caresses him when he lives according to them. There is some great Reason not yet well understood ; Why Men enjoy their Pleasure with Fear ? Why most Men's Death is a Repentance of Life ? Why no Man is contented in this Life ? Why Men have infinite Wishes ? And whether those that dream when they are a-sleep shall not *live* when they are *dead*.

The Being of God, and the Immortality of the Soul of Man, are Things known by the Light of Nature ; and tho' the latter is not so generally known as the former, yet the most sober and learned foreign Heathens have earnestly contended for it : Nay, the most Degenerate of our common Mob acknowledge a *God* ; and as I have already mention'd, every one is ready to confess it in any case of Difficulty. For in case

of Danger, they cry, *God help them*; and in case of Injury, they say, *God sees my Wrongs*, and *knows my Innocency*: Even an honest Porter will not care to part with his Friend, but he cries, *God bless ye*, or *God save ye*.

If the Arguments for and against the Being of a God were equal, and it were an even *Question*, whether there was one or not; yet the Hazard and Danger is so infinitely unequal, that in point of common Prudence every one is bound to stick to the *safest* Side of the Question, and to make that his Hypothesis to live by. For he that is a thoroughly *prudent Man* will be provided for all Events, and will take care to secure the main Chance, whatever happens. But the *Atheist*, in case Things should fall out contrary to his Opinion and Expectation, has made no Provision in this Case: If contrary to his Confidence, it should prove in the Issue that there is a God, the Man is lost and undone for ever.

If the *Atheist* when he dies, finds that his Soul has only quitted its Lodging, and *remains after the Body*; what a Surprize will it be to find himself among a World of *Spirits*, enter'd on an everlasting and unchangeable State, for which he had no regard and made no Provision?

Pyrrho was one of the most absolute *Sceptics* that ever was; for he many times ran the Hazard of his Life by disbelieving his Senses; and he certainly would have lost it by his foolish Principles, but that some of his Friends constantly attended him, to keep him out of harm's way: Yet after all, he could not erase the Notion of a *future Life* out of his Mind, but would often repeat that Saying of *Euripides*, *Who knows but that our Death may be a Birth into a more perfect State*

State of Life, in comparison with which, our present Life may be call'd a Sort of Death.

If we consult all the ancient and modern Writers, who treat of the Dispositions and Manners of Men, in the various times and parts of the World, we shall find all the learned, serious and sober part of Mankind agreed in this, *viz. That the Notion of God and Religion, is the first thing written in the Minds of Men, and the last blotted out* : And that, if you take away the Belief of the Being, and Providence of God, you will at the same time destroy all true *Reason, Faith, Virtue, Peace and Honour* ; and even all *Society and Commerce* amongst Men.

There is no Nation so *barbarous*, none so void of *Humanity*, but they retain some sense of a *Deity*. Many have very odd Imaginations of God, they have sunk into very depraved Notions of the Deity, through their vicious Customs and Manners : But there is no Nation but own a *Nature, and Power Divine* : Nor could this ever come to pass by human Contrivance, or Correspondence ; or by human Institutions and Laws ; it has been so universal, both as to *Time and Persons*, that it must be deem'd a Law of Nature. Many People that have neither had *Arts, Laws, or Letters*, yet have had their Gods, thinking it unreasonable that all Men should believe, and find a *Mind and Reason* in themselves, and yet conceive that there is none in the World. Or that there should be such a wise and exact Order kept up in the whole Scene of things in the *Heavens, the Earth, and Seas*, and yet that there is *none* to be revered for it.

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The famous *French* Philosopher, *Des Cartes*, hath very zealously asserted the *Being* of God, and the *immortal State* of human Souls; and yet he is in great *Vogue* with our *Free-Thinkers*; because they would fain be of Opinion, that his *mechanical Hypothesis* gives so much to the *Agency* of material Things one upon the other, that it leaves little to the *Providence* of God; which being a troublesome Article of Faith to vicious Minds, they would gladly be rid of it at any rate, even tho' it be at the *Expence* of their eternal Deceiving and Undoing. But *Des Cartes* was too ingenious a Person to be thus deluded; and therefore, after all the Wit he has shewn in his Discourse, about the *mechanical Power* of Matter; he was not able to over-look the many powerful Demonstrations of God's *Being*, and *Providence* in the World, or so much as to pass them by in Silence, but in his Answer to a certain Person, he writes thus, " I consider *Matter*, as left to itself, and no
 " ways *impelled* by any thing else, as a thing
 " perfectly *quiescent*: But it is moved and
 " managed by God, who by his *Conserving*
 " *Power* continues such Motion, and Translation
 " to it, as he at first granted to it."

So that we must here deplore the dismal Degeneracy of human Nature, and the desperate Ascendency of Darkness in those unhappy Persons who gladly follow this *Philosopher*, when he seems to lead them towards Infidelity; and yet most disingenuously desert him when he would bring them to the Acknowledgment of the true God, as *Maker* and *Governour* of the World.

However Men may for a time do Violence to their *Reason*, and *Conscience*, subduing their Understanding to their *Wills* and *Appetites*; yet

yet when the Faculties get but a little Liberty to examine themselves and all things about them ; or are alarm'd by *Calamity* or *Sickness*, they feel a sense of the Deity, brought back upon them with greater Force and Power than ever.

Who can conceive what a vast Difference there will be, betwixt one that *exalts* himself against God, and one that *trembles* at his Word? Betwixt one whose false Honour is fed with human Blood, and one that is ready to adventure his own Life to save another's? And in short, betwixt one that crucifies his fleshly Lusts, and one that sacrifices all to them? Those Persons are almost infinitely different in their Dispositions, and Course of Life in this present World, and therefore their Conditions must be inconceivably different in that to come.

Now upon the whole Matter, what can a *careless, debauched* poor Devil say to these things? Tho' he sturdily bears up at present against these Impressions, can he think he shall be always able to brave it out? Can he fancy he shall not, at least in the last Hours of his Life, condemn himself with very dismal Reflections on the Folly, and terrible foreboding of the Punishment of Sin; as the whole World of sinful and unthinking People has done before him? And surely there cannot be in this Life a more dismal Condition, than for any one to see their short Life of *Sin* and *Vanity* expiring, and their eternal State of *Horror* and *Torment* commencing. Well may we then behold them in *cold Sweats*, snatching at the Hands of such as are near them, and even rending themselves with piercing *Groans* and *Howlings*. The *Vulture*, a miserable wicked Wretch, who had oppressed and ruined many Families, by his cruel *Usuries* and *Extortions*,
called

called out in his delirious Fits, on his Death-bed, to know if there were no Recognizances to be taken, no Sureties to be given for his Appearance at the *last Day*: What Sums was he not ready to advance to delay his Diffolution? And what a dismal thought is it, that these are but the small Beginnings of those infinite and unutterable Torments, which follow.

Yet very few will take these Cautions in time, whilst they may prevent the like ruinous Events. They slight Religion in their Health and Prosperity, tho' they cannot but esteem it in the time of Death and Danger. What can we say to these things? but that *Madness is bound up in the Hearts of these Men*. It would then be utterly unaccountable, that any reasonable Creature should reject the sweet and excellent Government of God; and obstinately embrace the Tyranny of the Devil: till at last having spent their Strength and Time in these mad Delusions, and having exhausted the poor and perishing Pleasures of Sin, they stand trembling in the few Minutes that remain betwixt *Time* and *Eternity*, looking back on what is past with *piercing Regret*, and forward on what is to come, with *horrible Amazement*; till the dark Curtain of Death closes up the dismal Scene, and strips them of every thing that can be called an Enjoyment, and leaves them alone to dwell with a pain'd Conscience and Divine Vengeance for ever.

Indeed a poor Creature who has not sinn'd away the Belief of another World, nor steel'd his Conscience, must be stunn'd when he sees Death before him, a thousand unnatural Crimes within him, a Judge upon the Bench ready to pronounce the Sentence, and Devils to execute it; this
dismal

dismal Prospect will pall his Spirits, and may sooner cast him into Fits of Despair, than into Transports of Sorrow. The Devil will easily persuade him, God is as inexorable as the Captain of a twenty Gun Ship, or a *Maidstone* Jury, and that he will immediately fall into unquenchable Fire. Now a charitable Divine may remove these Terrors, by opening the Mercies of God, and the boundless Treasures of his Goodness; he may bring him to Repentance, by an expressive Representation of the Torments below, and the Joys above.

An Atheist is an overgrown Libertine; and if we believe his own Genealogy, he is a By-blow begot by Hazard, and flung into the World by Necessity; he moves by Wheels, and has no more Soul than a Windmill; he is thrust on by Fate and acts by meer Compulsion; he is no more Master of his Deeds, than he is of his Being; and therefore is as constant to his Word, as the Wind to the same Corner; so that an Atheist, by his own Principles, is a Knave *per se*, and an honest Man only *per accident*. In short, he starts out of Dust, and vanishes into nothing.

A good Man is seldom uneasy, and an ill one is always unquiet; one must be blind not to discover the canker at his Heart, through all the glittering Pageantry of Greatness and Power. He may rant and laugh, but can't be merry: For certainly there is a great difference between Noise and Mirth; their Lives are as unlike as their Ends; and these are as different, as the Pains of the Damned are from the Joys of the Blessed.

Some People attack Godliness under every form, they give Virtue no Quarter, and Vice no
H Disturbance;

Disturbance ; they have banished Goodness from Practice, and will not suffer it to appear, even upon Paper. No, no, Conscience must have no Retreat, and God no Worship. Certainly in these Men's Opinion, Hell is a Place of Diversion, and Heaven of Torments.

There is no Man who does not with a sorrowful Eye review an ill past Life ; who would not gladly recall his mis-spent time ; *O mibi præteritos !* O that God would restore my past years to me, is every such Man's Prayer ! although it never was heard, never could be granted to any. And what is more inconsistent with Wisdom, than to engage ourselves in making such ineffectual and fruitless Wishes ? What is more disagreeable to Reason, than to do that for which we must be forc'd to confess, and call our selves Fools ? What Man of Sense for a flash of transitory Pleasure, for a puff of vain Repute, for a few dirty Scraps of dirty Pelf, would plunge himself into such a Gulph of Anguish ?

On the contrary, if laying hold on Occasions, we set our selves to do well, the Reflection will yield great Satisfaction and Pleasure to us ; we shall be glad that we have done, and that our Task is over ; we shall *enjoy our former Life* ; our time which is so past will not yet be lost to us.

All Men find first or last, that tho' Sin has but *short Pleasures*, yet it has a *long Sting* ; that though People seem not to be able to live without the Commission of it, yet they are not able to live without the Thoughts of it when committed ; so that as when they have done well, the Pain is short, but the Pleasure lasting ; so that when they have done ill, the Pleasure is short, and the Pain lasting, Sin and Sorrow

Sorrow are so ty'd together by an *Adamantine* Chain, that the Temptation to Wickedness cannot please so much as the Reflection upon it torments, when all the Enjoyment being spent in the acting, there is now nothing left but naked Sin and Conscience.

Says *Juvenal*, when he lashed the debauched Men of his times with his *Satyr*, telling them that their Crimes disturbed their Rests, and they had ever and anon *cold Sweats* at their very Hearts, for fear of what was coming upon them: We must not think, said he, that those wicked People escape Scot-free, that are not punished by human Justice; for their Conscience is a continual Torture to them, and has a Whip that cuts them to the quick, tho' it be hid from the Eyes of others: so that no earthly Judge can punish them so severely, as this invisible Judge within them does.

CICERO writing to *Piso*, shews of what Importance it is to all Men to preserve a good Conscience, since there was so much Torture to be expected from a bad one.

We find indeed by Experience, that this Torture of the Mind, is one of the most intolerable parts of human Sufferings. There is an Effort usually made by the Spirit of Man against common Ills; but when the Spirit itself is wounded, who can bear up? when the very Spirits sink in the Breast of Man, what can succour him?

We find *Judas* and others so bereft of common Reason and Prudence, that they have sought Relief from Death, for their burdened Minds: But this was their Madness, since it cannot be imagined; that it will be easier with deprav'd Minds in the place of Torments, than

in the Place of Redress: Or that the Case is not doubly miserable, where the Scorching of the Flames that cannot be quenched, are added to the Gnawings of the Worm that never dies.

One would therefore hope, that seeing there is so necessary a Connection of Sorrow and Misery, to all wilful Disobedience to the Divine Power, and so much of this generally paid in hand to the Sinner, by his own conscious Mind, that no more should need be said to a Man in his Senses, to reclaim him from a vicious Course. A quiet Mind is the chief Happiness, and a troubled one the chief Misery of this World. You cannot enjoy the Pleasure, Honour, or Profit you imagine follows your evil ways with a troubled Mind, and yet a Man ever follow'd those Courses without it: All the Calamities you meet with in doing well, are eased much by the Comfort of a good Conscience; and the Spirit of a good Man bears his Infirmities: But all the Pleasures we have in doing ill, will have no Relish or Satisfaction, when we lie under the Terrors of a bad one; a wounded Spirit who can bear? And without doubt, a serious Consideration of these things, is a good Step towards an Amendment of Life.

Did we seriously reflect, that we are born in this World to live eternally in another; and that our Virtues will be rewarded with Glory, and our Vices with Fire; should we tire our selves in the pursuit of things merely indifferent and criminal? Should we, like Children, set our Hearts upon Objects, not only trivial, but base and contemptible, and truck our Souls for a Rattle? I say, like Children, for what is the difference between them, and our high flown
Mortals;

Mortals ; but that these deal in Stocks, Palaces, Plate, and Diamonds, and those in Babies, and Hobby-Horses : So that at best, if the Folly of those is more Expensive, the Childishness of these is more innocent.

The World preaches up Pride, and magnifies Vanity. The Gospel Commands us to contend for the lowest Place, the World for the highest ; to please the one, we must seat our Neighbour above our Heads, and we must throw him under our Feet to content the other. The Pews in most of our Parochial Churches, shew us how strictly this Injunction of our Saviour is observed.

Now there being no Mean between these two Extremes, no place for Neutrality ; will a reasonable Creature pause one Moment to what Side he must go over, is it not a Pleasure to condemn the World ? To be above all sublunary Trifles ? And to be a Slave to Nothing ? Is it not a charming Satisfaction to have a clear Conscience ? to neither doat on Life, or to fear Death ? These are Delights above all the smooth Sensations of material Organs : And besides they lie out of the Reach of foreign Accidents, they are always at hand, and cost us nothing.

What are those fine things the World offers, and we so eagerly fly at ? They are good in Shew, and evil at the Bottom. They are possess'd with Fear, and lost with Regret ; they pamper Sense, and rack Reason : For, in fine, they are all reduced to Concupiscence of the Flesh, Concupiscence of the Eyes, and Pride of Life, *i. e.* to Sensuality and Honour. These make up the World's Riches, and our Torments : These are the Blessings so much talked of, so much

much adored, so dearly bought, lost so easily; and yet they are a meer Sound, a Name, and Nothing.

The other Obstacles that stand between us and our Duty, are the deluding Pageants of worldly Felicity; fine Sight, a glorious Retinue, and swelling Titles. Now what is all this Appearance but a Farce, a Scene of Vanity? That Philosopher was not mistaken, who said, that the just Value of things were known by their End, as Men by their Faces. And if we take the Dimensions of all human Happiness, by this unerring Scale, how thin, how little, how contemptible will it appear, even to purblind Reason?

Tho' we suppose it constant to our Interest, that it waits upon us to the Grave, we then must take leave of it, and bid adieu to all those Objects that dazzled our Eyes, and led our Hearts captive, nothing will be permitted to pass with us into Eternity, but our Virtues and our Vices; all our Riches are contraband Goods, God pronounced the Sentence of Death upon the whole Race of *Adam*; and tho' upon occasion he hath dispensed with other Laws, this has, and will remain inviolable. The most evident Principles have been questioned by some, and denied by others; all Errors have found Abettors, but I never read of any Man, who was so extravagantly Foolish, as to doubt of Mortality. The Churchyards proclaim this Truth, the marble *Mausoleas* of Princes divulge it; and our dead Parents, in a mute, but *emphatick* Language, tell us we must follow.

DEATH makes its Approaches by Surprise, and attacks by Mine and Stratagem, it works out of Sight, and often assaults without Signal;

nal ; it hates Capitulation, it takes in the Vanguish'd at Discretion, and will not hear of a *Gartel* : Nay, it distinguishes not the General from a private Centinel, has no regard to Dignity or Commission.

Our Town-Sparks are a monstrous Generation, a kind of Centaur, half Man and half beast. They have the Shape of the first, and the Brutality of the second ; they follow the Stream of Inclination like Beasts ; they chop at any thing that gratifies Sense ; but then they switch on Nature, and here they leave the Beast to play the Fiend. And indeed, when young People fix in Town, they glean up its Vices, and continue the Practice till their Estates founder, and their Bodies sink under the Weight of their Disorder. Unthinking Creatures ! they sport in the Camp of their Enemies ; Danger surrounds them, and what is worse, either unseen or unregarded, so that they surrender without Resistance and sigh in Fetters, before they dream of an Enemy. Nay, one would think they had lost their Wits with their Liberty, and commenced Fools the same Moment they became Slaves. For they fancy themselves the only free Subjects in the Nation, because they are not coop'd up between four Walls ; and doat on their Captivity, because they hector and bully in Taverns, and rattle in gilt Chariots. But alas ! these pleasing Fancies are the Effects of a dozing Opiate of the Devil's Malice, not of his Kindness : He regales his Friends, as the *Indians* do their Slaves, merely to prepare them for slaughter.

We have indeed Committees for the Improvement of Religion, as well as for that of Trade : And so have made Provisions for the Interest
of

of God no less than for that, of the Nation. But if our Censors deserve Censure, Reformation will be at a stand, their Examples will do more Execution on Vice than their Office. And their Practice would carry on more heartily the Interest of Virtue than their Commission. A Man that flings his *Estate* into a Whore's Lap, will not be fined out of her Company with *forty Shillings*; and he who leaps over the Laws of God, will scarce boggle at Acts of Parliament.

Idleness is a dangerous Disease under all Elevations; but 'tis mortal at *London*. It's not only the Mother, but the Mistress of Vice. A Man that has nothing to do, has Leisure to do any thing: He lies open to all Temptations; and what is worse, is unprepared for a Defence; like a dismantled Town, he falls into the hands of the first Invader.

Indeed at his first Arival, Business flows in upon him; one would think he sat at the Helm and steer'd the weighty Concerns of the State: He supœna's *Sempstresses*, *Tailors*, *Peruke*, and *Coach-makers*, to appear at his Levee, one would fancy this Heterogeneous Junctio took into Consideration *Ardua Regni Negotia*, they play at *Pro* and *Con* with such Heat and Commotion. Now all this Noise is nothing but a learned Debate on the Modes of the Town, and an advantageous Mixture of Colours. He is for Delicacy and Exactness of Fancy, for nothing taudry or mechanic; and Doctors are divided upon the point; but all agree to bubble the 'Squire.

Gentlemen lie more in the reach of Temptation than People of an inferior Rank, more in view of the Enemy; their Circumstances then require,

ure Vigilance ; they must stand Centinel, and
 pace Out-guards for fear of a Surprise. A poor
 Man that can scarce furnish Necessaries for Life,
 has neither the Means nor Thought to pamper
 Luxury ; Nature is work'd down, and rather
 cries out for Rest than Pleasure. In short, he can
 scarce live, much less riot ; Pride can't come at
 him, it must pass thro' Muck, Smoak, and Pe-
 nury to reach him. Now this Vice is too high-
 stomach'd to stoop so low ; it loves not to lie on
 a Dunghill, or sleep on Straw ; and a Man that
 daily sees and feels nothing but Want and Mi-
 fery, must be mad before he can be proud, or
 grow vain upon any fond Presumption. Besides,
 Appetite is so kept under by Necessity, that it
 can scarce crawl ; its very Desires reach no
 higher than Bread to subdue Hunger, and
 Clothes to fence off Cold, and veil Nakedness.
 No ill Object passes thro' the poor Man's Eyes
 into the Heart ; they draw in no Species but those
 of Beasts and Dunghills ; so that whatever they
 behold, is rebating and innocent. In fine, they
 are below Temptation ; and like a small dis-
 mantled Village, not worth seizing. But Gen-
 tlemen stand the Mark of every Temptation ;
 the World, the Flesh, and the Devil seem to
 have enter'd into a triple League against them ;
 they are mark'd out for Slaughter and Sacrifice ;
 they live in the midst of Plague and Infection,
 and can't take one Step without meeting Dan-
 ger, nor breathe without taking in Contagion ;
 the World fawns on them, Passions revolt,
 and the Devil casts Nets to ensnare them ; fine
 Lights debauch the Eyes, Musick the Ears, Ra-
 gou's the Taste, Perfumes the Smell, and false
 Principles the Understanding ; Wine heats the
 Passions, and Delicacies put them in a Ferment ;

so that a Gentleman is beset on all sides ; each Vice batters his Constancy and assaults his Innocence. Now, what Way can he come off with Victory ? He must raise Counter-Batteries, and dismount those Engines that play upon him ; he must make a Sally and face Pride with Humility, Luxury with Contineny, Intemperance with Sobriety, and Love of Pleasure with that of Duty : In Morals as well as Physick, Contraries alone defeat Contraries. Does not Nature tell us, as well as Experience, that when the Attack is brisk and vigorous, the Place will infallibly be taken, unless the Defendants beat off Force with Force, and tire out the Assailants with Resolution.

Secondly, the Faults of the baser Sort of Mankind, are *personal*. They never spread, but like an *Apoplexy*, they strike but one ; the Mischief ends where it begun, and one Life satisfies its Fury. But Gentlemen's Crimes become universal like the Plague ; they sweep away whole Families, and drive Mortality and Desolation before 'em. For the Vulgar are an Apish Generation, they live on Imitation, and are carried away by the Example of Great-ones, as the inferior Orbs by the Motion of the superior ; so that if a Master throws his Vices among the Family, they are soon pick'd up and worn as *Robes* of Honour. For Servants that know their Fortune depends on their Master's Smiles, will not easily displease him. They eye every Motion, study his Humour, and fall in with his Inclination : They applaud his Extravagancies first, and then adopt them by Practice. And thus by this abominable Complaisance, Slaves often work themselves into their Masters Favours, and not seldom into their Estates and Dignities

Dignities. And then when Vice is so extravagantly rewarded, both with Estate and Pleasure, when a Man can debauch himself into a competent Fortune, without other Charges or Expence, than that of Conscience, 'tis odds he'll venture on the Enterprize. Besides, Sins supported with Titles pass for Grandeur : Nay, and Vice at the Head of a pompous Retinue, is often mistaken for Virtue. For the Vulgar judge by the Eyes, not by Reason; and whatever appears Great, they conclude Good; as if *Glittering* and *Value* were synonymous. Who has spread this Illusion through the whole Mass of these Morals, but the *Great*? Gentlemen therefore, besides the direct Obligation of Obedience they owe to God, lie under a collateral one to their Neighbours; and by consequence, their Failings, carry Scandal along with them, as well as Disobedience; so that every Crime they commit may be called *Legion*.

Can Blindness, Stupidity and Madness soar higher? Like crown'd Victims these unhappy Creatures, dance and sing under the fatal Stroke without Concern, without Sense of the danger! they laugh and droll one Moment, and begin the next to weep eternally. Oh! Frenzy! they post on full speed in the Broad-way to Perdition, and will needs be told they spur to to Heaven! What Notions have these Men of the other World, who live so madly in this! Surely they fancy the Soul flashes into nothing, when the Body falls into the Dust; and that they *die* like Beasts because they *live* so like them. Yet these are your well-bred Gentlemen, your Men of Parts, and Merit. And indeed one must have extraordinary Breeding, to complement ourselves into Hell; one must be wit-

ty to Madness, and prudent to Folly, to contrive our eternal Misery so efficaciously.

Our Women of Quality wander from the Cradle to the Coffin, in a Labyrinth of either vain, or childish Amusements. In the Morning, in comes my Lady's Woman, to range in Order and Method all the little Trinkets of the Toiler. She chuckles together a whole Covey of Essences and Perfumes, she commands Combs to their Posts, Pomatums to theirs. Here is a Contrivance in Folly, and Confusion in Order. One would take a Dressing-Room for a Toy-Shop, or a Mercery of Small-ware. Nay, it has been compared to an Army *Array*, for the little Knicknacks stand in a Military Posture; some are divided into Batallions, others into Squadrons; some make up the left, the right Wing, and a *Corps de Reserve* upon a Side-Board, ready for any sudden Occasions. A *French* Glass commands in the *Corps de Bataile*; at his Back the Patch-Boxes march, Powders and Essences advance, Combs enter upon Duty; and then on a sudden, *halt*, and now my Lady makes her *Intrado*, and begins the great Work of the Day. She consults her Oracle the Glass, upon the State of her Health and Beauty; what Change since last night Time has wrought in her Complexion? Whether it carries on its Approaches with speed; or whether it draws near the *Glacis*, and when probably it may master the *Out-Work*.

And now her Ladyship banishes the Combs, and the Powders raise Clouds in the Apartment. She places her *Brussels* Head ten times, unplaces it as often, without being so fortunate as to hit upon the Point; she models it to all Systems, but is pleased with none. For you must

must know, some Ladies fancy a vertical, others a horizontal Situation; others dress by the northern Latitude, and others lower its Point to forty five Degrees. At length, she comes to the Paint. Here is a Plea for Fancy, and room for Invention; no wonder then if the Operation takes up time, and calls for Study and Reflection. Her Patches, it's hard to resolve upon the Number, harder upon the Size, and much more easy to billet a Regiment, than to assign each Patch its proper Station. Twelve strikes before her Cheeks are inlaid, and her Face exchequered; and when she has baited the Chamber-Maid, kissed her *Harlequin*, and humm'd over half a dozen Opera Tunes, in comes Dinner; down she sits, not to eat, but to fret; one Dish is too high seasoned, another too low: She saunters and drawls away three or four Hours in reading Plays and Novels.

But now the Evening Employment calls upon her. She slips into her Chair, for being clear'd of Business, she's fit for Diversion, and makes the Tour of her Acquaintance in about two or three Hours, enquires who is come to Town, who has privately flipt out of it, who lies in *Incognito*, who is married, who is dead, who's miscarried, or who's brought to-bed; and having discharged her Commission, and delivered her Errand, she rowls home, unless she takes it into her head to drop into a Hackney-Coach, and send for a pretty Fellow out of a Tavern ere she goes to Bed.

In the Evening of the Sabbath, *Quadrille* gives great Relief at a Visit; and alas, this is not confined only to the *Court-End* of the Town, but Libertinism and Avarice have given it the *Freedom*

dom of the City; 'tis erected into a Company, as well as the Society of *Drapers* and *Weavers*.

This is a Lady's Life in Epitome, her Employment in Short-hand. One Day's Work is the Copy of another; and one Year shews the Practice of Forty.

To conclude, lead not your Daughters to *Balls* or *Ridottos*, without Necessity or Civility require their Presence, and even seldom in those Circumstances. Such Nourishment is too strong for weak Stomachs. To guard Chastity without Spot or Stain, is no easy Task; it moves upon a steep Ascent. Now those who talk or laugh can scarce strain up a Hill. If Care and Pains will hardly do, what will become of those who are rocked in Pleasure, and lie under all the Instructions of Debauchery?

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